Other people " missed the music.[1]' The popularity of an opera will often kill a play, although the play may have existed before the music was ever thought of. The Lyceum " Faust" held its own against Gounod. I liked our incidental music to the action much better. It was taken from many different sources and welded into an effective and beautiful whole by our clever musical director, Mr. Meredith Ball.

In many ways " Faust " was our heaviest production, About four hundred ropes were used, each rope with a name. The list of properties and instructions to the carpenters became a joke among the theatre staff. When Henry first took " Faust" into the ₘ provinces, the head carpenter at Liverpool, Myers "by name, being something of a humorist, copied out the list on a long thin sheet of paper, which rolled up like a royal proclamation. Instead of "God save the Queen!" he wrote at the foot, with many flourishes: " God help Bill Myers!"

The crowded houses at ᵘ Faust" were largely composed of " repeaters," as Americans call those charming playgoers who come to see a play again and again. We found favour with the artists and musicians too, even in Faust! Here is a nice letter I got during the run (it *was* a long one) from that gifted singer and good woman, Madame Antoinette Sterling:—

"My DEAR Miss TERRY,—

" I was quite as disappointed as yourself that you were not at SI James's Hall last Moaday for my concert. . . . Jean Ingelow said she enjoyed

the afternoon very much. * . .

*' I wonder if you would like to come to luncheon some day and have a little chat with her ? But perhaps you already know her. I love fcer deariy. She has one fault—she never goes to the theatre. Oh my ! What she misses, poor thing,